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ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 28, 1892.

VOLUME XXVI.--NO. 43.

SEASON OF 1892.

Womens, Misses' and Childrens' Fine

OXFORD TIES!

Duchess, Langtry, Brighton, Elite, Souvenir,
Theo, Adonis, Everett and Southern Ties.
Juliet, Strap, House and Opera Slippers.

YACHTING and LAWN TENNIS SHOES.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Boots and Shoes,
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THREE CHEERS FOR TARIFF REFORM

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FREE COINAGE OF SILVER.

THESE WILL HELP YOU, BUT

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Will put money in your pocket if you will call
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MY STOCK IS NOW READY FOR INSPECTION, and I ask the Trading
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SOME RARE BARCAINS

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- My Stock of Prints is.....Fascinating.
- My Stock of Canton Cloth is.....Beautiful.
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- My Stock of Cord Du Roi is.....Wonderful.
- My Stock of Embroideries is.....Surpassing.
- My Stock of Laces.....Beats the world.
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- My Stock of Braid is.....The Latest.
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In fact my entire Stock is pretty,
Bought Cheap, and
Will be sold Cheap.

COME AND SEE ME.

W. A. CHAPMAN, Agent,
Next to Masonic Temple.

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RAGS, HIDES and BEESWAX by PEOPLES & BURRIS, at good prices.
As good or better than most of the new ones now offered you, which we are offering
at a low price. We hope you will bear in mind that we deal in—

Tin, China Crockery, Glassware,

And EVERYTHING in the House Furnishing line, and at prices that cannot be
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TIN ROOFING.

GRAVEL ROOFING and
GUTTERING.

Promptly done by experienced men.

Yours truly,

PEOPLES & BURRIS.

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DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

FRUITS AND CONFECTIONERIES.

We are selling Goods CHEAP, and will treat you
right.

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You can Save Money by Buying your
School Books and Stationery at

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A full line of School Books, Blank
Books, Stationery, Pictures and Picture
Frames, and other goods too numerous
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My Photograph Gallery has been lately
refitted with all the latest improved apparatus
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the size of a postage stamp to life size in
the finest finish. Portraits enlarged to any
size, from small pictures, at reasonable
prices. Don't forget this if you want a
nice Photo.

Respectfully,

J. M. O'NEILL.

White & Co.

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TEACHERS' COLUMN.

All communications intended for
this Column should be addressed to C.
WARD, Law School Commissioner, An-
derson, S. C.

MEMOIRS.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land."

"That patriotism, which catches its
inspiration from the immortal God, and
leaving at an unmeasurable distance be-
hind all base, grovelling, personal inter-
ests and feelings, animates and prompts
to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of de-
votion and of death itself—that is public
virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest
of all public virtues."

We have received a great many more
answers to the capitol questions.

In the next meeting of the Teachers'
Association, which will be held on the
21st of May, we will have "A Lesson in
Arithmetic," by Prof. J. M. Hamlin, of
Lebanon school (a class of his pupils
being present); "A Lesson in English," by
Miss Maggie Evans, with a class from
her school. The "Teacher's Preparation,"
by Prof. J. F. Rice, of Townville,
"Square Root and Cube Root," by Lieut.
Miller, of the P. M. I. Other subjects
will be added later. It is expected that
we will have two sessions—one in the
forenoon and one in the afternoon. We
will have a recess for dinner between the
sessions. We trust our teachers will so
arrange as to be able to attend. We
want this to be the biggest meeting of
the Association ever held.

Teachers, work for the building of
character. That is what we need, and
that is what each individual needs, a
true manhood, an individual personal
character of a very high type. You have
golden opportunities along this line.
Work to develop the soul as well as the
mind. Work for bodily, mental and
moral development. Work for the dis-
semination of truth, the elevation of
mankind and the advancement of moral-
ity and righteousness. You can do good
work all along these lines. Do it. Lose
no opportunity to impress the children
with higher ideas of life. Education is
a power. Then endeavor to put power
into the hands of no unworthy person.
Let the efforts be first directed toward
making the pupil worthy. Carry both
along together, but do not fail to keep
the moral and worthy side up with intel-
lectual development. It is preferable that
our boys and girls should be good, rather
than educated, but both if possible.
Work for the development of the whole
person.

MEANDERINGS.

Mountain Creek school keeps up the
average attendance very well, indeed.
This speaks in favor of both the teacher
and the patrons. Miss Zella Campbell
is one in whose care children may be
safely entrusted. She is a good judge of
human nature, well prepared as a teacher,
and deeply interested in her work.

Miss Decie Earle is the teacher at
Shiloh. She has an inviting field of
labor, and we have reason to believe she
is doing good work. The girls and
boys seem bright and happy and inter-
ested.

At Rubamah we found Mr. Job Year-
gan for the good work. We arrived rather late
to get a very full view of his work, but
we think he is doing faithful services. He
was trained by Prof. McElroy, who is
one of the best teachers we've had. The
Spring session of his school has closed.

Miss Florence Norris, who is the
teacher at Shady Grove, in Fork District,
has one of the most interesting schools
we have visited. The pupils are not
studying the higher branches, but they
soon will be if they keep on the way they
are going. We enjoyed our visit to this
school as we do to all the schools. We
are always in deep sympathy with chil-
dren who are struggling to get an educa-
tion. "Onward and upward" is the
watch word.

QUESTIONS.

MR. EDITOR: Please ask the following
questions to be answered through your
column:

1. Give the names of the seven wise
men of Greece?
2. On what two occasions did they
meet together?
3. Where is the Mason and Dixon
line, and why is it called so?

Yours truly,

BERTHA BANISTER.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

MR. EDITOR: I am a small girl, and
will soon be ten years old. I have never
tried to answer any of the questions
through your columns yet, but will make
an effort to answer Miss Jessie Geer's
questions:

The fall of Troy was 1184 years B. C.
The restoration of the Jews under
Cyrus was 406 years B. C.

The expulsion of Tarquins from Rome
was 510 years B. C.

The Magna Charter was granted by
King John on the 15th of June, 1215
years A. D.

Yours truly,

BERTHA BANISTER.

The County Commissioners of Suf-
folk County, New York, are paying a
bounty of 25 cents for every opossum
killed in the County. When this in-
formation gets abroad in the land, many
of the Afro-Americans who have set
their faces towards Liberia will change
their minds and head for Suffolk. The
idea of getting a quarter of a dollar for
an opossum and then being allowed to
keep the opossum will prove a great at-
traction to them.

A Reply to J. C. Gantt.

EDITORS INTELLIGENCER: I ask a lit-
tle space in your paper to reply to this
gentleman. When the article was written,
on which he comments, it was not known
certainly what course the March Con-
vention would take. The Haskellites,
headed by Hampton, were contending
for independent action, while the other
wing of the faction were as earnestly
contending for a fight within the party
lines, though with divided forces. Hence
the appellation of straddle-fence to the
immortal thirteen. It is but just to say
that when the Convention met they
dumped the Haskellite faction and
adopted the policy of loyalty to the Demo-
cratic party.

As to my past political record, or Mr.
Gantt's either, it is a matter of no con-
sequence to the people now, except to
excite prejudice. What the people are
interested in is the living, burning issues
of the day, not the effete and obsolete
issues of the past, which are, for the most
part, a record mainly of partisan strife,
which has brought the country to its de-
plorable condition. But that I may not
be misunderstood, I plead guilty to the
charge of Greenbackism ever since '82,
and instead of being ashamed of it, I
pride myself on it. My association with
Haskellism, I am proud to know that
I stood in the breach then with a few
tried and trusted friends, and pro-
claimed the very doctrines that are now
being embraced by millions of my fellow-
citizens, Democrats and Republicans,
Southern men and Western men, North-
east and Eastern men alike, and will soon
dominate this country in all its depart-
ments of government. So note it be.

Now, Mr. Gantt, as a discussion of
principles is always in order, while per-
sonalities should never be indulged in,
by intelligent men, I make this proposi-
tion that I will meet you through the
public press in a discussion of any one
of all the demands of the Alliance as a
whole, and let reason, not passion or
prejudice, decide between. There's my
platform and has been since '82, and
where I expect to stand, reduced from the
foul grasp of the money power and re-
stored to the government of the people,
by the people and for the people. This
is good enough democracy for me, and
ought to be for you and every other pro-
ducer.

T. H. RUSSELL.

From North Georgia.

TRION FACTORY, Ga., April 13.
EDITORS INTELLIGENCER: As I have got
settled for awhile, I will give you a few
dots from this place. My first experience
here was a flood, which came the next
day; the river (Chattooga) was nearly to
its highest water mark, and it only took
a few hours after the rain commenced
until it was at its highest. I hear that the
water was all over the streets in Rome,
some thirty miles below here. They are
taking steps toward fortifying against the
river in Rome, which I think will be a
good idea.

I don't find so much cry of hard times
here as we have in Carolina, and I don't
think there is much call for all this cry of
hard times anywhere, as there is an
abundance of provisions in the United
States to feed all the people here and have
a good portion to send to Europe and
elsewhere. Then why so much cry of hard
times? If we could get our National and
State government in the hands of good
and competent men, I think all this fuss
about hard times would end and the peo-
ple could go to work with some encour-
agement and contentment and be happy.
This little manufacturing town (Trion) is
full of energy and hope, and its people
are contented and happy, for they are en-
couraged by their President and Super-
intendent. They don't have to spend the
bigger half of their time in the mill, for
they only work eleven hours per day,
and they get off as soon as a production
there is made on the State on a good deal
longer time. The production has been
steadily going up here since Mr. McKin-
ney took charge of the mill last summer,
but no wonder, for he is an Anderson
County boy, and you know Anderson
County is the banner County of the
United States.

Well, Mr. Editor, I did intend to write
you something about my trip to Colum-
bia to the Convention, but I suppose you
have heard all about the Convention; but
one thing I will say, for fear I don't get
an opportunity to say it again, and that
is that while I do not claim for myself any
superiority in looks or appearance, but
the good people of Columbia said that of
all the Conventions and Legislatures, etc.,
that had ever assembled in that city, we
were the finest and best looking set of
men that had ever assembled there, and
my fellow-citizens gave me the honor of
being one of them.

I tell you a person sees and hears a
good deal in traveling on the Railroad.
If I had nothing else to do and had plenty
of money, I would travel all the time
and write down everything I heard. As
I was coming along the other day this
side of Atlanta, the train was crowded to
some extent. A middle-aged looking lady
took a seat by me and commenced talk-
ing to a lady and gentleman behind me.
In the course of their conversation she
said, "Well, this is Maria's birthday." "Oh,
is it?" said the other. "Yes, and she is
just twenty-two." "You know Eliza?"
"Yes," "Well, how old do you suppose
she is?" "I don't know." "Well, I know.
She is just forty-one, and I don't have
any idea she would tell her age, but I
know, for she is just three years younger
than I am, and I am now forty-four."

"That's the way some girls are, and I do
not see what it is for. I don't care who
knows my age," and that's the way their
conversations runs until they get off.

When we got to Cartersville I went
out on the platform to see if I could see
anything of Mr. Arp, but as I went back
to my seat a woman, a woman, a woman,
I noticed her to have asked me to let
her to let down the window shade for
her, which I did. She thanked me very
politely, but with an air of dignity, which
looked very pleasing, and I thought,
showed her to be a woman of high char-
acter, and from the way Bill Arp describes
Mrs. Arp I think it must have been
her, for she looked like she would wear
about a "number two" shoe, although I
did not see her shoes, but she had on the
gold spectacles, and I believe Mr. Arp
says his wife wears gold spectacles.

I saw and heard a great deal more, but
I haven't room for it now, for I have al-
ready written more than I expected when
I commenced. I hope you will all have
a good time at the convention, and I hope
the hands in politics and try and heal
the breach that Tillman made in 1890 and all
go along together for the best interests of
our State politics; then they can stop the
cry of hard times and prosper and be happy.

The Garrison of Fort Sumter were
their last rations. Their breakfast that

JUST THIRTY-ONE YEARS AGO

The War Between the States was Begun.

April 12th! Thirty-one years ago on
this day the first gun sounded the prelude
to the great war drama, the curtain of
which fell four years afterward on the
dead bodies of nearly a million of the ac-
tors and a loss of billions of dollars.

The echo of the last stroke of four from
the historic chimera of St. Michael's bell
scarcely died away, when a group of sol-
diers gathered around a mortar in Fort
Johnson, Charleston harbor, and waited,
watch in hand, for the moment when the
signal should sound the tocsin of civil
war and the death knell of eighty years
of peace. A half hour later, obedient to
the orders from Gen. Beauregard, followed
a flash of light, the thunder of a gun
and an eleven-inch shell traced its path-
way toward Fort Sumter with a long,
thin line of fire. Another quickly suc-
ceeded, and the chorus of battle began.
The first of these shells was fired by
Capt. George S. James, the second by
Lieut. Hampton Gibbs.

Among the officers in the mortar bat-
tery were Col. James H. Chesnut, ex-
United States Senator, Capt. Stephen D.
Lee, subsequently a Lieutenant-General,
and Col. Alexander R. Chisolm. These
officers were the aides of General Beau-
regard, by whom his final note to
Maj. Anderson had been conveyed to the
fort.

No pen, tongue or canvas can accurately
portray the scenes of that April morn-
ing in the city of Charleston, when its
inhabitants were startled from their slum-
bers by the first guns. Lights flash-
ed, as if by magic, from the windows of
every house, and in the twinkling of an
eye an agitated mass of people were rush-
ing toward the water fronts of the city,
Grave citizens, usually distinguished by
their dignity, hurried along the streets,
dressing while they ran and nearly
shouting hurrahs. There were men
without coats, women without hats and
children in their nightgowns, all hasten-
ing to the same point of view.

The fashionable promenade, known as
"The Battery," presented a conglomera-
tion of persons in disarray, but at any
other time, would not have thought of
violating the social conventionalities of
attire. And there, with pale faces and
eyes sharpened by the strange fascina-
tion of the scene, the multitude remained
hour after hour, peering into the dark-
ness and watching the progress of the
fight by the flashing of the guns.

In a few minutes all the batteries that
surrounded Fort Sumter had opened fire,
or to use the words of General Ripley,
then commanding one of the islands,
"rang their breakfast bell for Major An-
derson," but it was two hours before the
latter responded to the call.

Hardly, however, had objects of the
low coast become well defined among the
shadows of the morning, when, as if
wrought from enforced delay, there sud-
denly poured from the parapet and casem-
ates of Fort Sumter a storm of iron
hail. The murmur instantly ran through
the city, "Fort Sumter has opened fire."
The battle now raged with fury, and the
fiery messengers from both sides followed
each other with spiritual haste.

Short, sharp spurts of flame told of
bursting shells in and around the beleag-
uered fortress over which floated the old
flag of the stars and stripes to be found
on the soil of South Carolina, while
splashes of gray or clouds of rounded
bullet marked the ugly force of round
shot striking its face.

Dispatches were received hourly by
Beauregard, the commander-in-chief, and
communicated to the people by bulletins.
At first the proud Carolinians were in-
clined to rebel at the authority of a
strange commander, but there was some-
thing in the well defined physiognomy,
the dark eye, firm lip and massive chin
of the great Creole that told of hidden
power and inspired confidence, and it was
not long before the hero of Contreras and
Charubus was enthroned in the hearts
of the people.

A curious blending of humanity was
to be observed among those who man-
ned the Confederate fortifications. In their
shirt sleeves, with bare heads and feet,
features smoke begrimed, working heavy
guns, were the gentlemen whom you meet
only a few days before at the Charleston
club, elegant types of wealth and leisure.
Here was a clergyman and some of his
deacons, there a bank president and
clerk, and yonder a group of planters
who could give you more points on the
age and quality of fine wine than on mil-
itary tactics.

Many of these gentlemen never had
had a shot of gun before that day, and
yet, with a mixture of chivalry and reck-
lessness, would spring to the crest of the
earthworks after each fire to watch the
effect of their aim and then cheer for
Maj. Anderson, as his answering missiles
came shrieking back. The aggregated
wealth of the companies might have been
counted by the millions, and the old his-
toric names of the State, Rutledge, Rav-
enel, Pinckney, Lawrence, Huger, Rhett,
Calhoun, Middleton, Manigault, Hamp-
ton, Preston and others, answered to the
roll call "here."

Colonel Thomas Sumter, the grandson
of "the Gamecock of the Revolution,"
after whom the fort was named in 1833,
was a private in the Palmetto Guards;
ex-Governor John L. Manning, grandson
of one of the conspicuous heroes of Eu-
raw, was also a private. The venerable
Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, seventy four
years of age, was a private and having
traveled all the way from Virginia for
the purpose, was allowed to fire the first
shot against Fort Sumter from what is
known as the iron battery.

Fires were kept blazing in Charleston
harbor during the night for the purpose
of detecting the launches of the distar-
tles, in an attempt should be made to
relieve the garrison.

morning consisted of pork and rice, the
last of the rice being served at that meal.
After this meager breakfast, the first
relief under Captain Abner Doubled-
day and Lieutenant G. W. Snider,
opened the return fire. This was about
7 o'clock.

From Fort Moultrie Gen. Ripley was
throwing hot shot, and about eight o'clock,
steadily ascending column of smoke was
observable on the southern portion of
Sumter. First, it was thin and pale, but
every moment it grew darker until, shoot-
ing out from the base of the black pillar,
great yellow tongues of flames could be
seen lapping the tops of the barracks and
officers' quarters. The first impression
was that Major Anderson was signalling
the fleet, consisting of eight war vessels
and 1,380 men, which had been sent to
the rescue, but had remained idly at an-
chor and made no sign of help.

At 10 o'clock the fire reached a mag-
nitude of shells and grenades and a terri-
ble explosion ensued that caused many a
heart to stand still, for the men in that
beleaguered and burning fort had many
friends in Charleston who were watching
it with the keenest interest. When the
explosion occurred a young girl, who was
present with a party of her schoolmates,
was seen to throw up her arms wildly in
the air and exclaim, "Oh, God, my
brother!" She was the sister of Lieut.
Jeff. C. Davis, one of Major Anderson's
officers, who afterwards became a Union
General.

During all this trying period, when the
fort was in flames, and the air like a blast
from a crater, Maj. Anderson continued
to send occasional shots to the different
batteries around him as if determined to
show to the world that he "died game."

At every flash from the muzzles of his
guns the Confederates would send up
cheer on cheer for the gallant defender of
the fort.

Three times the flag was flowered as a
signal of distress to the Federal fleet in
the offing, but no response followed, and
it was left to Beauregard to tender the
merciful assistance, for which a call had
been made. Captain Stephen D. Lee, Col.
W. Porcher Miles, and Roger A.
Pryor were dispatched upon this errand.

At 1 o'clock a shot from Sullivan's Is-
land severed the flagstaff and brought
down the stars and stripes. They were
replaced, however, in about fifteen min-
utes by Private Hart, under circumstances
of great daring.

At the reappearance of the flag the
boat with the sides of Beauregard, who
had been sent to offer assistance, turned
back, but meantime ex-Senator Wigfall,
of Texas, a voluntary aide of Beauregard,
accompanied by Private Gougin, of the
Palmetto Guard, pushed off from Morris
Island in a small boat, and, showing a
white handkerchief on the point of his
sword, proceeded to Fort Sumter. Being
conducted to Major Anderson he compli-
mented the officer on his gallant defense,
and stated that to continue the conflict
under the circumstances would be to un-
necessarily risk the lives of the men un-
der his command without commensurate
results. Colonel Wigfall said that the
troops would cease firing as soon as the
flags were lowered, and he offered the
terms of surrender already submitted by
Beauregard. "Then," said Maj.
Anderson, "I must surrender. I have no
other resource right now; we are all in
flames, and my men will shortly suffo-
cate."

Accordingly, at 1 05 o'clock on the 13th
of April, the stars and stripes were low-
ered, firing ceased and Fort Sumter vir-
tually passed into the possession of the
Southern Confederacy.

The appearance of the fort at the time
defies description. At every turn the eye
rested upon ruin. Fort Moultrie also
bore evidence of the careful attention
paid to it by the Confederate artillerists.
It was here that Captain John Mitchell,
Jr., son of the Irish patriot, first dis-
tinguished himself as an officer. Strange
to say, notwithstanding all this exchange
of iron compellant, not a single life was
lost.

The evacuation of Fort Sumter took
place about noon on Sunday, April 14,
and the garrison took its departure on the
steamship Isabel. Dressed in full uni-
form and wearing their side arms, they
marched out to the tune of Yankee Doo-
dle. Major Anderson looked careworn
and despondent. He was a fine specimen
of an American officer and gentleman,
and no one more keenly than Beauregard,
his associate in arms, sympathized with
him in the bitter mortification of the
hour. Major Anderson, in common with
all the officers of the fort, had been the
recipient of Charleston's choicest hospi-
tality.

The flag had been saluted by the dis-
charge of fifty guns. A gentleman
standing near by asked Major Anderson
if thirty-four, the usual number, was not
sufficient. "No," replied the old soldier,
bursting into tears. "It should be a hun-
dred and even that many would not be
enough."

As the steamer moved off cheer after
cheer rent the air. Every available site
along the coast and in the city was oc-
cupied, and every conceivable species of
water craft had its complement of guests.
The strictest Churchmen forgot their af-
ternoon services and watched and shout-
ed with the noisiest of the worldlings,
while old men and maidens, young men
and children hurraed until they were
hoarse. People stopped and shook hands
that day who had never before exchanged
civilities, and fine wines were drunk at
clubs and dinners that for more than a
century had been held in sacred keeping
for no other purpose than to fitly cele-
brate a great epoch. So ended the first
and only bloodless battle of the great
civil war.

MRS. F. G. DEFOUNTAINE.

The lesson which the working peo-
ple of our country need to learn is not
so much how to get money, as how to
save it or spend it wisely. Most people
can manage the first part of home fi-
nance, but it takes a clever person of the
second kind to make a proper use of the
money when it is earned. Dr. Johnson once
said that "without money one can be
rich; and with it few can be poor."
And though his statement cannot be
accepted as being absolutely correct,
there is still a grain of truth in it.

Conductor Smith's Dilemma.

Is there one among the thousands that
have traveled on this train who does not
know, and who knowing does not esteem
Conductor Smith—"Billy" Smith of the
Blue Ridge Railroad? Surely not, for
like his prototype, Baines Carver, the
sympathetic attorney of the Bab Ballads,
who was so overcome by the recital of
his clients' woes that he "had scarcely
strength to take his tea," Billy, the em-
bodiment of courtesy and kindness, never
collects a fare or punches a ticket without
a deprecating smile and a look of sym-
pathy as tho' it grieved him very much.
This accommodating disposition has made
him an easy prey to an exacting public.
Other trains have passed over his road,
but the cream of the travel has always
been reserved for Billy. His happiness
of looking after tow-headed boys sent
to visit distant relatives; his honor
of escorting the boarding-school
grown girls who have been provided with
half-fare tickets by their thrifty mothers;
his privilege of hauling to and fro
ladies who have been blessed by a prodi-
gal providence, ladies with bird cages,
ladies with baby carriages, ladies with
cats in baskets, ladies with geraniums in
pots, ladies with home made jam
and pickles in jars, ladies with bundles
and band boxes, ladies with an over-
weening desire to pour into the sym-
pathetic ear divers family secrets—the exact
number of teeth the last baby but one has
out, the number and variety of the fashio-
nable ailments considerably diagnosed by
their family physician, etc., etc. With
these and like confidences the patient
conductor's time is not infrequently
thus away between stations.

Thus for years has Billy Smith tread-
or rather jogged over—the path of duty
between Wallhalla and Belton. In the
springtime, when rill and river are swollen
by heavy rains, and the tawny waters
rush down the hillsides, gully the
plowed lands and scattering the rich soil
"all among the neighbors," when the
pale blue wild violets and the waxen
Easter lilies peep from dell and dingle,
and the peach and plum trees, clustering
around the farm houses, open their pink
and white petals to the sunshine and the
dew; in the summer, when the golden
bees swarm over the clover blooms and the
ripe grain falls before the sweep of the
sickle; in the autumn, when the chest-
nut burrs lie on the sod and the dead
leaves swirl in the blast; in the winter,
when the Blue Ridge is wrapped in a
slumber robe of snow and the frost
crystals, forced out of the icy earth,
sparkle on the eaves of the deep cuts—in
all seasons and in all weathers, Billy
Smith plods on. Time and toil have
streaked his beard with gray and deep-
ened the lines in his face, but his smile is
as sweet and his hands as firm as when
as ever they were in his younger days,
through the golden gates of the new Je-
rusalem, and sees in his manifests to be
checked up by the Almighty Auditor, he
will doubtless still be seen at the terminal
of the Blue Ridge Railroad, loaded to
the gunwales like a lighter at a cooling
station, with babies, pugs dogs, flowering
plants and all the miscellaneous para-
phernalia inseparably from
littlerant femininity, and he will still take
a commanding position in the center of